

That Tired Feeling

What does it mean? As tired in the morning as at night, can't get rested, nervous, sleepless, dull, languid. It means that the blood is poor. Muscles cannot be elastic and strong, nerves cannot be steady, energy and vigor cannot be felt when the blood is impure, impoverished, without nourishing power.

Hood's Sarsaparilla imparts to the blood the qualities it lacks when that tired feeling troubles you. It makes the blood rich, pure, full of vitality. It cures spring languor and eradicates all foul taints from the blood, thus guarding against future danger from fevers, malaria, and other serious illnesses. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla
America's Greatest Medicine. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Hood's Pills cure liver bile; easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

Black and White Effects.
Black and white effects again figure largely in the domain of both fashionable dress and millinery. Black and white silks, satins and broadcloths brought from over the sea are set forth by leading importers. Black and white taffetas, surahs, failles and other fancy silks and liberty textures appear. Black and white checks and plaids are being formed into stylish spring costumes by the fashionable dressmakers, and Frenchwomen are now wearing black and white striped waistcoats with their stylish black cloth skirts. Waists of black and white or gray and white stripes or dots are always good style, whether made in the manner of the cotton shirt waists or with full fronts turned back with white revers over a tucked chemise of fabric to match. A full blouse of cream white silk or satin, covered everywhere with a drapery or veiling merely of jetted black net, often proves the most becoming of all waists a slender woman of indolent complexion can select. Sometimes cream ribbons matching the blouse are the most satisfactory additions she can make to the waist; again, a bow of soft pink or brilliant cerise satin works wonders of improvement.—New York Post.

The Vanilla Bean.
It is not generally known that the vanilla bean is the costliest bean on earth. It grows wild and is gathered by the natives in Papantla and Minatitlan, Mexico. When brought from the forests, these beans are sold at the rate of \$2.50 per 1,000, but when dried and cured they cost about \$2.50 per pound. They are mainly used by druggists.—London Globe.

The Borrower's Way.
If you lend a man grass seed, he'll come around later to borrow a lawn mower.—Christian Work.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.
A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Ten thousand testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.
We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark. I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the name that has borne and now bears the fac-simile signature of Dr. Samuel Pitcher on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. PITCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Pitcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.
After being swindled by all others, send us stamp for particulars of King Solomon's Treasure, the ONLY reward of nearly \$100,000. HANSON, CHENICAL CO., P. O. BOX 37, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The girl might as well be out of the world these days who hasn't a brass button or two in evidence.

Directions
in every package of Schilling's Best tea.
Follow them—no matter what tea you use.

Mail Orders filled the day received.

"Summer Specials,"

Our look that tells what will be worn this Spring and Summer—just what you want—profusely illustrated—see an application to

Mail Order Dept.

The Emporium and Gold n Rule Bazaar
San Francisco.

California's largest—America's grandest Shopping place.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

The Reason Why.
"Now," said the professor in natural history, "take the case of the hen. Why does it lay the egg?"
"Because it can't lay carpet," replied the bright boy of the class—North American.

His Point of View.
"Deacon, do you think the moral tendency of bicycle riding is bad?"
"Yes, for those who do not ride."—Detroit Free Press.

Making Ready.
"I don't know whether or not the women are arming for the fray," said the perfumery clerk; "but we have sold quite a lot of powder of late."—Philadelphia North American.

In Evidence.
"Uncle Jim, why do some of the colored people place empty medicine bottles on the graves of their deceased friends?"
"I dunno, sah, unless hit is ter let de wold know what killed 'em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

No Need for Books.



"H-m! Law books on the rights of the wife! Well, my husband and I never had any dispute about that."

He Moved On.
"It rests with you to say whether I shall remain here and be happy or go to live the terrors of the frozen Klondike."

"I appreciate the favor you have shown in applying to me first," replied the widow, "but my property is so tied up that I think you would find it easier to get your grubstake somewhere else."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Rule.
"I suppose you have your own ideas as to the proper line of warfare," said the Spanish official.
"Yes," replied the general. "Seven words to the line is the average upon which I base my calculations."—Washington Star.

Keeping It.
"Are your folks keeping Leat very strictly this year?"
"I should say so. They've had the dressmaker every day for two weeks, and are now getting ready to clean house."—Cleveland Leader.

Sure to Be Used.
First poet—I am going to have my revenge upon the editor.
Second poet—How?

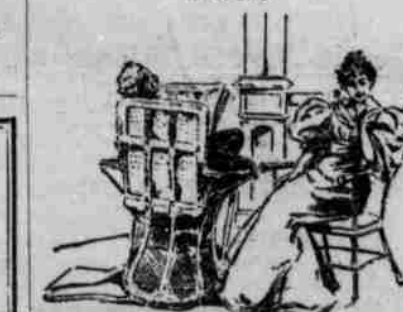
First poet (in a hoarse whisper)—I've sent him a poem, and I've poisoned the gum on the return envelope.—London Fun.

The Base of Unbelief.
Old Grumpy—I have found it the safest rule in life to trust no man—to take it for granted that every one is only waiting for an opportunity to beat you.
Miss Cutler—Ah, your case only emphasizes the fact that too much retrospection is a bad thing.

Research Necessary.
"Now," said the man who had been lecturing, "there are many theories as to taxation. You doubtless have your own ideas on that subject."
"Yes," replied the candid acquaintance.

"What kind of property in your opinion ought to bear the greatest burden of expense?"
"I can't answer that until I have taken an inventory to see what I have the least of."—Washington Star.

Literary.



Willy Furry—I've just finished a lovely book on the races.
Miss Prudely—I am so glad to hear it. I should think that you would prefer any kind of literature to that horrid habit of betting you have got into.

Thought Wasted.
Waldo—What do you think about our coast defenses?
Clintony—Nuttin'. I never owned a sled, an, besides, winter's over.—New York Evening Journal.

Accounting for It.
"See here, Lucy," said the teacher to one of her bright scholars, "you have written the word 'oyster' without an 'r.'"
"Oh, yes," exclaimed the scholar, reaching for the slate to make the correction; "I must have been thinking there was one of those months when there is no 'r' in oysters."—Yonkers Statesman.

Proof Positive.
McSwatters—How do you know there's gold to be won?
McSwatters—Blowhard is going to Klondike on the next train.—Syracuse Herald.

Just Large.
Mr. Query (to Mr. Newcomb, who has a 200-pound wife, but no children)—Have you a large family, sir?
Mr. Newcomb—Large, but not numerous.—Tit-Bits.

After a Barbecue.
"Life," exclaimed the woman with the sharp features, "isn't worth living!" They who knew her best were vaguely conscious that she was possibly trying to beat somebody down.
But whom?—Detroit Journal.

To Draw Her Bean.



Father—Why do you paint, my child?
Daughter—For the same reason that you use rosine before you play on your violin. To help to draw my bean; see?

And Likewise an Empty Head.
"How emphatic Whoppy is in everything he says."
"Didn't you ever notice that an empty wagon makes the most noise?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Reason.
"Why do they call it a 'flying squadron,' I wonder?"
"Because it'll make the fur fly when it meets the enemy."—Cleveland Leader.

A Clench.
That was a difficult thing to prove, in the absence of documentary evidence.

"You are sure that he regarded you as his wife?" asked the lawyer.
"Sure," replied the woman. "Sure! Say, I once gave him a letter to post and he carried it around in his pocket for six weeks!"

Ab, but unhappily the letter could not be produced in court.—Detroit Journal.

Truly Loved.
Mrs. Adley: My husband is very good to me. He always accompanies me to church on Sunday.
Mrs. Darling—That's nothing. My husband looks under the bed at my request, every night.

His Penance.
Wilkins—Are you keeping Lent?
Harper—Yes, I always do. My wife has her mother spend the month before Easter with her every year.

Cruel.
He—I never discuss matters upon which I am not fully informed.
She—What do you ever talk about besides cigarettes?

After Something Pretty.
Old Higrocks—I refuse to take the picture. I can't give you a cent for it.
Artist—What's the matter? It looks like your daughter, doesn't it?
Old Higrocks—Of course it does. That's the reason I don't want it. Any fool of a photograph man could take a picture that looks like 'er. What did you think I want a paintin' for, anyway?

"A Spring Walking Hat."



After Taking.
"What makes Popper have such a sad and melancholy air? Is he in love?"
"No, poor fellow; he was married three months ago."—Detroit Free Press.

The Front for Safety.
A citizen said to an old negro the other day:
"Well, Ben, it looks like war, and I understand they're going to put the negroes right in front!"
"Dat'll be all right, sah," he replied. "Ef dey puts 'em in de rear de white folks 'ud run over 'em and kill 'em, so I dunno but what dey'd be safer right in front!"—Atlanta Constitution.

No Substitute.
He—What will you take for a kiss?
She—I didn't know there was any substitute.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Question of Time.
She—Miss Poplin has been out of the world, hasn't she?
He—Yes, I was with her this morning for half an hour and told her all I knew.

She—What did you do the rest of the time?—Detroit Free Press.

A Hawaiian Incident.
"An interesting incident happened when I was in Honolulu," said Senator Morgan recently. "You know the natives are magnificent swimmers. They take to the water like ducks. One day a cargo of mules was being carried on a barge to a steamer lying off shore, when one of the mules jumped overboard and made for the shore. When he landed on the beach he looked around, and seeing all the other mules being carried toward the steamer he went out into the surf again and started in the direction of the barge. After he had gone some distance a great wave came along and turned him over. When he righted himself he was absolutely wild, and blindly headed out for midocean. The men on the barge watched him for a while, and then the captain asked if it was proposed to let the animal drown. Quick as a flash one of the Kanakas sprang overboard, swam at a tangent to intercept the mule, and, reaching the animal, climbed upon his back, and by clever tactics directed the animal to the steamer, bringing him like a centaur to the water all the way."—Washington Post.

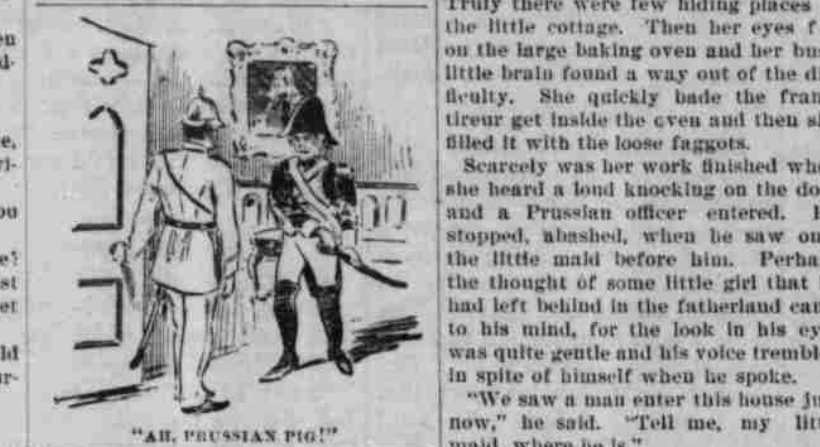
A man frequently outwits himself in trying to outwit others.



BRAVE: MARIE.

It happened in 1870, which is still spoken of as the "terrible year" in Boles-Duc. The war between France and Prussia had raged all about them, but not a soldier had been seen in the tiny village, for which the peasants daily thanked their stars. The old man who lived alone with his son Charles, in the chateau above the town, and who was still known as "le Duc," though his title had vanished with his estates long before, firmly believed that France was on the road to ruin, but he scoffed at the idea that the Prussians would ever invade French territory.

But one fine summer morning Boles-Duc was startled by a sound of martial music and a body of Prussian soldiers marched through the town. Up the hill went the old chateau to the halt was given. The old soldier had seen their coming and had prepared, according to his own ideas, to receive them. From



an upper window waved the colors of France, and as one of the Prussian officers started to enter the house, to learn the meaning of this hostile display, he was met by the old man, who dressed himself in his ancient uniform and stood, sword in hand, in the center of the room.

"Ah, Prussian pig!" exclaimed he, drawing his sword, "draw and defend yourself, or I will hew you down. No Prussian ever yet entered my house, nor shall while I live!"

His brave words seemed almost ridiculous when one looked at his white locks and shaking hand. The Prussian officer smiled at the thought of a sword combat with him and would probably have withdrawn, leaving the old man in peace, had not an overzealous soldier, thinking that his officer was in danger,



ONE OF THE MEN OPENED THE DOOR AND LOOKED IN.

rushed in and bayoneted the old man as he stood.

The mistake was unfortunate, but the Prussian command could not afford to waste time over a single dead Frenchman. The house was fired; the soldiers marched on, and by the time the rear of the column disappeared over the next hill little but a heap of smoking ashes was left on the spot where the old chateau had stood.

But the boy Charles, standing there beside the ashes of his father, swore to be revenged upon the Prussians. From that moment he was a man, he had a purpose.

On the afternoon of the day on which the Prussians marched through Boles-Duc Charles learned from the villagers the whereabouts of the nearest body of French soldiers, and set off to join them.

It was soon discovered that the strange silent lad was a valuable member of the company on account of his knowledge of woodcraft and his absolute fearlessness. Important scouting duty was entrusted to him, and after a time he became the captain of the most daring of all the bands of the franc-tireur. His little company was a constant annoyance to the Prussians, a very thorn in the sides of division commanders.

One afternoon, shortly after the second visit of the Prussians to Boles-Duc, little Marie Duret was alone in her parents' cottage while they were at work in the fields. Marie was a comely little maiden, a dark-eyed, nut-brown peasant girl, and though not a dozen summers had passed over her head, she was a neat, thorough-going little housewife. Although her home stood quite apart from the other cottages and not far from the great forest, so that it could scarcely be called a part of Boles-Duc at all, Marie had become so accustomed to playing the mistress for a whole day at a time that she did not in the least mind the loneliness.

To-day she had set the house in order, had swept the floor and had piled beside the large brick oven a heap of faggots against the morning's baking. All her tasks completed, Marie took possession of a low chair and began sedately to amuse herself with a large

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE.

G. Bernard Shaw Says the Clamor About It Is All Nonsense.

In a letter to the editor of the London Chronicle G. Bernard Shaw writes:
I should have thought, now that we have an academy of letters, that it might come as a surprise to the gentlemen who occasionally write to you to explain how English should be written. Some time ago you let loose an unhappy creature to whom some competent person had occasionally pointed out a common blunder in the use of "and which." Not understanding the matter, he began accusing every writer in whose works he could discover "and which" of writing bad English. With your permission, I have extinguished him, and he has not since been heard of. There was some excuse for that poor wretch, because these unquestionable is a wrong way of using "and which," but for the "split infinitive" there is no excuse at all. There is nothing whatever to mislead him except his own nature. If any man were to object to a split infinitive such as "I greatly regret," or a split subjunctive such as "I should greatly prefer," or a split imperative such as "come slowly up," what newspaper would waste so much of space on his foolish ignorance? And yet this split infinitive nonsense is taken quite seriously by editors who are sufficiently good writers to repeatedly use it themselves.

The infinitive is a mood in which the position of the adverb cannot possibly produce ambiguity; consequently the order of the words is not a matter of grammar, but of style, of which the ear is the only arbiter. The ear often demands the split infinitive and will have it in spite of all the silly people who do not know what style means.

When these infinite insects are disposed of, you will no doubt be attacked in due course by the even more impatient impostors who, though they pronounce the word "color" so as to rhyme with "dollar," and never hear it and never have heard it and never will hear it pronounced in any other way, from time to time pretend to be shocked when it is split without a "n." I trust you will always insist on these nuances definitely stating whether they pronounce it or "honor" or "neighbor" or "favor" or "behavior" or so as to rhyme with "our" or "poor," as the case may be, or whether they are merely bague etymologists—century belated Johnsons.

In either case you will be justified in recommending them to the care of their relatives and suppressing their babblings.

BAD PAY AND HARD WORK.

The bad pay and hard work of trained nurses has often been made the subject of benevolent remonstrance by eminent medical men, and in numerous instances. It is well for an invalid, before he gets as bad as to need a nurse or doctor, to know that the stomach of a nurse is not as good as his. She has to eat and sleep, and she has to be cheerful, and she has to be patient, and she has to be kind, and she has to be strong, and she has to be brave, and she has to be good, and she has to be everything else that a man can be, and she has to be it all for a bad pay and hard work.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one druggist who does not believe in the use of all sorts of medicines and that is Calumet. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Calumet being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a purely internal remedy, sent directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The patient will have much faith in its curative powers, that they will cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE.

It's the quality that counts in the T. B. GARDNER'S, TORONTO, N. Y. and PHILADELPHIA, PA. and LOUISIANA, MOBILE, ALA. For sale by druggists, grocers in case only. Money returned if goods are not satisfactory. Don't accept an imitation. See that the manufacturer's name is lithographed on every can.

FITS PERMANENTLY CURED. No fit or nervousness after the first day's use. Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE BOOK. Dr. J. C. Kline, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dangerous.
Father—What are you doing, Emma?
Daughter—Oh, Arthur is coming to-night, and I'm cooking something for him.

Father—Emma, Emma, you'd better be careful. You'll keep on cooking for him till he breaks the engagement.—Helene Welt.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, flatulencies and fever, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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FIBROID TUMOR

Expelled by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. R. A. LOMBARD, Box 71, Westdale, Mass., writes: "I have reason to think that I would not be here now if it had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cured me of a fibroid tumor in my womb."

"Doctors could do nothing for me, and they could not cure me at the hospital. I will tell you about it:
"I had been in my usual health, but had worked quite hard. When my monthly period came on, it flowed very badly. The doctor gave me medicine, but it did me no good. He said the tumor must be stopped if possible, and he must find the cause of my trouble."

"Upon examination, he found there was a fibroid tumor in my womb, and gave me treatment without any benefit whatever. About that time a lady called on me, and recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I said she owed her life to it. I said I would try it, and did. Soon after the flow became more natural and regular. I still continued taking the Compound for some time. Then the doctor made an examination again, and found everything all right. The tumor had passed away, and that dull ache was gone."

It can be truthfully stated that such a result can be accomplished by no other remedy upon the market, and forcibly proves the peculiar virtue of the Vegetable Compound.

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The only Specialist in San Francisco treating the Venereal and D. & S. of MEN ONLY, and an excellent leprosy cure for the cure of their relatives and suppressing their babblings.

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Need be paid until cure is effected. Varicose Veins, Weakness, Drainage, Losses and All Results of Folly and Excess.

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Murphy's Revealed Remedy will do it. Three doses will make you feel better. Get it from your druggist or any wholesale drug house, or from Stewart & Holman, 100 N. 3rd St., St. Louis.

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